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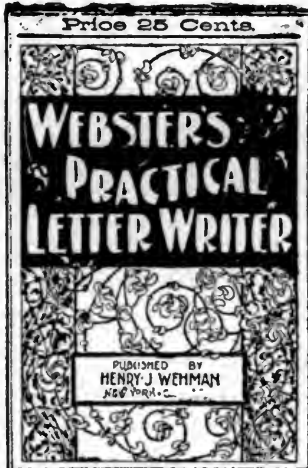


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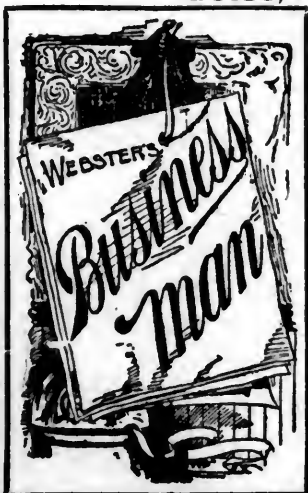
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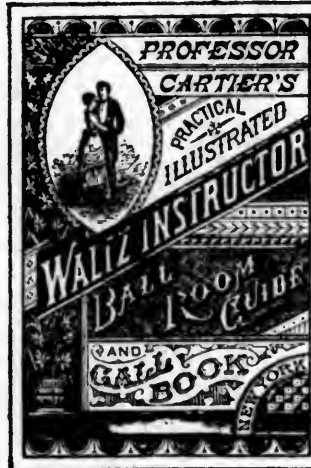
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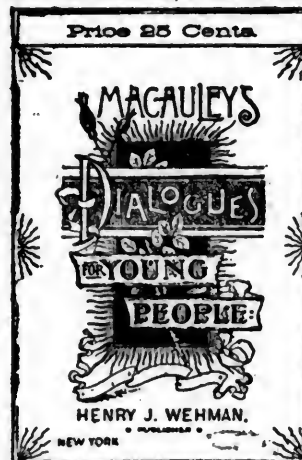


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Park Row, NEW YORK

# THAT'S MY GIRL

Copyright, 1900, by Roger Harding. By Roger Harding.

Danny and Jamie both stood on a corner,  
Comparing their sweethearts so fair,  
Said Danny, my girl is a dear precious pearl,  
In fact she's a jewel quite rare,  
Just then down the street came a maiden so sweet,  
Bowed to Jamie, then passed on her way,  
With a glad happy smile, Jamie lifted his tile,  
And Danny then heard him say.

CHORUS.

That's my girl Dan, ain't she sweet,  
That's my girl, say don't she look neat,  
She can beat your precious pearl,  
I'm proud indeed to tell you "that's my girl."

Danny, said Jamie, I'll tell you a secret,  
I'm going to wed her this May,  
We haven't much wealth, but employment and health,  
Will gain us a fortune some day,  
She's good she is true, eyes of heaven's on blue,  
Spirits ever light-hearted and gay,  
I'll be true all my life, to my dear little wife, —  
And years hence you'll hear me say. — Chorus.

# You Don't Want Me

Copyright, 1900, by Roger Harding. By Ed. Rogers.

You all have heard about the hoodoo coon in trouble always found,  
When mischief's near, there ain't no fear, but what this coon's around,  
Poor hoodoo Phil, he passed a colored church where folks were to be wed,  
It's a good chance now, to change my luck, I'll go in there he said,  
It seems the bride was waiting for the bridegroom to appear,  
When turning round she saw hoodoo a-standing in the rear,  
She quickly rushed to grab poor Phil, which made him feel quite sore,  
Say's he all coons might look alike, but I've been there before, ma gal;

CHORUS.

You don't want me, you want some other fellow,  
Well you don't want me, he may be of my color,  
Now don't you try to scold me, I've heard all that you told me,  
But you've got no right to hold me, 'cause you don't want me.

Of all the brakes, and sad mistakes, that happened to this coon,  
There's one I'll bet he'll never forget occurred one afternoon,  
Phil took his wife, yes his pride of life, to see the so-called zoo,  
His wife had never been there before, so she knew not what to do,  
They watched around the monkeys, just to see them romp and play,  
When some one said the big baboon by chance had got away,  
The keeper, all excited through his loss, flew in an awful rage,  
He grabbed poor Phil to fill the bill, and placed him in the cage, says he;

Chorus.

# I'LL LOVE YOU TILL I DIE

Copyright, 1899, by Arthur W. Tans. English Copyright, Secured.  
Words and Music by W. T. Francis.

What makes you turn your lovely face away,  
You didn't treat me that way yesterday,  
Some scandal monger in the neighborhood,  
Been filling up yer mind with falsehood,  
I ain't done nothing for to make you mad,  
But you has hurt my feelings mighty bad,  
So turn 'round and greet me, and don't try to cheat me,  
'Cos honey I'll love yer till I die.

CHORUS.

For, by the stars that shine above you,  
I swear my onest one I love you,  
In all this world you are my own my guiding star,  
You're de only one the apple of my eye,  
While the white folks all am sleeping,  
To'rds your cabin I'll be creeping,  
So be ready for to say, when we'll have our wedding day,  
'Cos I love you, and I'll love you till I die.

You got no reason gal for jealousy,  
'Cos I'm as honest as any man can be,  
I told you right I want you for my wife,  
Not for a year or two but for my life,  
Nice little cabin for you down the lane,  
All furnished up and tho' it's very plain,  
It's yours, wont you take me and never forsake me,  
'Cos honey I'll love yer till I die. — Chorus.

# Back To Eileen

Copyright, 1899, by Edmund Lyons  
Arranged by A. S. Josselyn. Edmund Lyons.

Dear little Eileen, I'm longing to see you,  
I miss the soft love-light that shines in your eye;  
I long for the smiles that you once used to give me,  
Before I left Ireland, and bade you good bye,  
Often at eve, when the day's work is over,  
And out thro' the city I wander alone,  
Oh how I miss you away from my side love,  
Miss you and bless you Eileen my own,

CHORUS.

Dear little Eileen, sweet little Eileen,  
Eileen my darling, my true love, my queen;  
With the bright summer, how gladly I'll wander,  
Back to old Ireland, back to Eileen.

Many's the day that we wandered in childhood,  
In search of the Shamrock we all love so well,  
And heard the sweet lark as he sang in the wildwood,  
Shedding soft music o'er valley and dell.  
Many's the evening that you and I darling,  
Have listened together to thrushes unseen,  
And tho' I am longing to hear them again love,  
Oh, how much more love, I long for Eileen. — Chorus.

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cation.

# "CAN'T STOP!"

Copyright, 1895, by Howard & Co. Entered at Stationers Hall, London, England.  
Words and Music by Harry Wincott.

I was walking down the street the other day, so gay! I say!  
All of a sudden my tailor he spotted me on the street "Q. T." I said:  
"Hallo! Mister Kimo!" and then thinking of his "rhino,"  
He looked at me, and I looked at him, said I to myself, "now pluck up Jim,"  
Just as the silly old fool said pay, I said, "Oh, yes I will some day  
Can't stop, can't stop, can't stop!"

CHORUS.

I'm just going off to uncle Dick,  
To see if he'll take this walking stick,  
They close at six, so I must be quick  
Can't stop! Can't stop, can't stop!

My missus gave me such a dreadful fright, last night, it's right!  
I tumbled out of my warm bed, didn't know whether I was on my head,  
She said: "Run and 'fetch' the doctor" so inside the room I locked her,  
Shoved on my clothes, and flew down the stairs, rushed in the street with  
Policeman on duty was walking about, [no end of swears,  
He shouted "Halt!" but I hellow'd out,

"Can't stop, can't stop, can't stop!"

CHORUS.

I'm only running for Doctor Bin's,  
There's always trouble when the job begins,  
My wife's very bad and it might be twins,  
Can't stop, can't stop, can't stop!

For a novice well I know a thing or two, it's true, I do!  
Pulling out teeth is my delight, whether by gas or dynamite,  
One day a fellow came to see me, and said: "Doctor do relieve me"  
I sat him down in my little chair, opened his mouth and looked down there,  
He hellow'd out "you'er hurting me much,"  
I said: "never mind as I made a clutch."

"Can't stop, can't stop, can't stop!"

CHORUS.

It's the largest tooth I ever saw,  
As long as the knocker on the front street door,  
But I'll have it out if I break your jaw,  
Can't stop, can't stop, can't stop!

I wen't into a shop a week ago, you know, it's so,  
I saw a pair of boots so neat, and just the sort to suit my feet,  
He said: "what do you require sir?" I said: "what a snell of the, sir!" [trick  
He turned his head and "collard" quick, that pair of boots in less than a  
Made for the door with that pair of "bats," he said: "Bring 'em back and I  
"Can't stop, can't stop, can't stop!" I said "Rats,"

CHORUS.

They're a very good pair of boots I know,  
And I might bring 'em back if they pinch my toe,  
But as I've been and pinched 'em home I'll go,  
Can't stop, can't stop, can't stop!

# THAT MINSTREL MAN OF MINE

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers Hall, London, Eng.  
Words and Music by Lew. Sully.

Once a coon named Carter Johnson loved a girl named Mandy Brown,  
She thought she was just the caper, till a minstrel show struck town,  
He knew there was "something down" when she said "Coon go your way,  
You may think you're all the money, but I've only this to say."

CHORUS.

You should see this minstrel man of mine,  
When on parade he surely do look fine,  
Long tail coat and a white cravat,  
Patent leather shoes and a high silk hat,  
Well he's about the hottest thing in line,  
For this coon I has begun to pine,  
Sometimes I can hardly keep from cry'n,  
No "crap smooth" coon for me,  
And a race track "Jay" and one-two-three,  
With that big black minstrel man of mine.

Johnson tried to argue with her, but he found it was no use,  
She said it's all over Carter, den dere minstrels cooked your goose;  
I'll admit you're all right mister, got most niggers beat a mile,  
Some gals think that you're the limit, but for beauty, grace and style; —  
— Chorus.

# JUST WHEN I NEEDED YOU MOST

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers Hall, London, Eng.  
Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

In a North Carolina village stands a cottage by the sea,  
Where an old, retired sailor lives alone:  
On the wall there hangs a picture of the good ship "Nancy Lee,"  
Which for years he sailed in every clime and zone,  
As a soldier loves his country, as a mother loves her babe,  
The sailor loved that ship once trim and gay,  
Ev'ry day this gray-haired seaman, in his quiet homestead sits,  
And, gazing on that picture, he will say:

CHORUS.

Just when I needed you most of all,  
Just when the dangers were near,  
Just when affliction's hard hand would fall,  
Just when my heart quaked with fear,  
Just when it seemed the end had come,  
You landed me safe on the coast,  
And proved you were faithful, yes, staunch and true,  
Just when I needed you most.

There's a homestead in Virginia, where a gray-haired couple dwell,  
It's fifty years or more since they were wed:  
When a bride this wife was famous for her charms and grace as well;  
Like a flower, she was too fair to last, 'twas said.  
When the gentle twilight gathers, seated side by side each day,  
This age-worn couple tell of joys gone by,  
And the husband told the story of their happy wedded life,  
When he kissed his wife and whispered, with a sigh:

CHORUS.

Just when I needed you most of all,  
Just when the dangers were near,  
Just when affliction's hard hand would fall,  
Just when my heart quaked with fear,  
Just when I needed your love and care,  
You loyally stood at your post;  
I found you a faithful devoted wife,  
Just when I needed you most.



# I Couldn't Stand to See My Baby Lose

Copyright, 1899, by Howley, Haviland & Co. English copyright secured.  
Words by Will D. Cobb. Music by Gus Edwards.

Last Sunday night I missed my babe, he never showed around,  
I slipped my satin slippers on and went where he'd be found,  
Down at the colored high-ball club I peeped in thro' the door,  
And there I saw my baby's hat a-hanging on the floor.  
A poker game was workin'; thro' the door I done the glide,  
They never heard me coming till I stood by baby's side.  
A coon there nursed a royal flush, my baby says I'll pass,  
I know it wasn't ladylike when I turned out the gas.

CHORUS.

But I couldn't stand to see my baby lose,  
'Cuz I loves him from his head down to his shoes;  
He's been so awful nice to me,  
I done it out of charity.  
For I couldn't stand to see my baby lose.

My baby rides the horses, and he's got them beat a block,  
At every race-track that he rides he is the winning jock,  
He won the Brooklyn Handicap and made ten thousand clear,  
And chicken wasn't good enough for us for 'most a year.  
He owned the big Suburban, but he was too fat to ride;  
I throw him down, which worried him until he nearly died.  
He lost flesh till he weighed enough to ride the race and won;  
He said how could you treat me so, I said, I love you, Hon.—*Chorus.*

## Mother Doesn't Know I'm Coming HOME

Copyright, 1899, by Sol Bloom. International copyright secured.  
Words and chorus melody by Raymond A. Browne.

I was sitting in a train that was speeding o'er the rails,  
While at my side a chance companion sat;  
He was lonely—so was I—and it happened that ere long  
We both, in friendly way, began to chat;  
Soon he told how, long ago, he had left his boyhood's home  
To seek for wealth in lands where friends were few;  
"But my wanderings are done, for I'm going back at last  
To be with her whose love was always true."

CHORUS.

"Mother doesn't know I'm coming home;  
Just to surprise her I've not told her;  
For I wrote and asked them not to tell,  
Till in my arms once more I hold her;  
She'll be glad to see her wand'ring boy—  
The boy who left her just to roam—  
And for worlds I wouldn't miss the welcome of her kiss,  
For mother doesn't know I'm coming home."

When we reached our journey's end, and within the depot stood,  
His brother met him at the door and said:  
"I am glad to see you, Jack, but I've had news to tell:  
You're just an hour too late, for mother's dead."  
In Jack's eyes the teardrops stood, as he clasped his brother's hand—  
'Twas a cruel blow that filled his heart with pain;  
And I thought with sad regret, as I watched him standing there,  
Of the happy words he'd spoken on the train.—*Chorus.*

## THE ONLY GIRL I EVER LOVED

Copyright, 1899, by Sol Bloom. International copyright secured. By Richard Stahl.

A youth and maid together strayed, they soon were to be wed,  
And as they strolled again he told his love, and then she said:  
"You've loved before, as much or more, some other girl I know;  
Come, tell me of your first true love," and this he whispered low:

CHORUS.

The only girl I ever loved is you, you, you,  
Because no other was as sweet, that's true, true, true,  
Before you came my heart no love e'er knew, knew, knew,  
Because the only girl I loved is you, you, you!

Before we met I never yet had seen the girl I'd mate,  
For tho' I knew a score or two, yet something whispered, "Wait!"  
But when you came I felt the flame that glows by cupid's art!  
Believe me, dear, I am sincere, you are my first sweetheart.—*Cho.*

## FOREVER

Copyright, 1899, by Sol Bloom. International copyright secured.  
Written and composed by Raymond A. Browne.

You ask me if the tender vows that bind us  
Will some day break, as others have before;  
And if the future years will ever find us  
Left far apart, to meet again no more;  
Ah, no! the vows I made can ne'er be broken,  
No matter what the years to come may bring,  
For even tho' your own were falsely spoken,  
Mine would not change, the old love still would cling.

REFRAIN.

Forever, forever, dear to me you would be;  
Forever, forever, loved just the same by me;  
For my love would change not thro' all eternity,  
Forever, forever, you'll find I will still be true!  
Forever, forever, I love you, my love, I do.

You tell me that some day I will forget you,  
And that another in my heart will be;  
You say I'll wish that I had never met you,  
If by some chance one fairer I should see;  
Ah, no! my darling, I will love you ever,  
And while this world of ours go 'round and 'round,  
There's none can come between, our love to sever,  
And at your side still loyal I'll be found.—*Refrain.*



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## COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

By Breen (Harry) and Daly (Tom), of Greg Patti's Tuxedo Minstrels

A man once had his voice trained in the latest style,  
But they made a big mistake, they should have used a file:  
He sang grand opera in Grand Rapids, fourteen stories high,  
I'd rather be a hunk of cheese than a piece of apple pie.

Old Ireland went Democratic on election day,  
We hope to see Brooklyn teachers get their back pay;  
They need the money very bad, they've got to keep a home,  
For if they don't they'll soon be teaching children of their own.

A one-eyed man played poker and was cheating on the sly,  
An Irishman says there's crooked work goin' on, or I hope to die;  
He says I'll mention no one's name, because he'll think I'm fly,  
But if he don't stop cheating, I'll knock out his other eye.

A young girl and her maiden aunt lay down one night to sleep,  
A burglar he crept in the room, now here is where you weep:  
The young girl cried "There is a man," and loudly she did roar,  
The old maid said, "Don't scare him out; get up and lock the door."

When we were coming 'cross the ocean, on a great big ship,  
And two days out we met a pillow, but gave it the slip,  
The captain threw a lemon over that was all decayed,  
It couldn't swim, so I jumped in to give the lemon aid.

Hobson sank a schooner down in Santiago Bay,  
But I sank a couple of schooners just outside to day,  
Hobson will not sink another for a long, long age,  
But you bet I'll sink a couple when I get off the stage.

## I WISH I WAS BACK ON BROADWAY

Copyright, 1899, by Sol Bloom. International copyright secured.  
Words by Raymond A. Browne. Music by William H. Penn.

A gay little blonde sonbrette—the kind that you've often met— [net;  
Went out with a show called "Led Astray," to warble ballads behind a  
The salary was immense—ten dollars and no expense—  
Oh, my! wasn't she happy—this little blonde sonbrette—  
On the road they went, jollied along by the management;  
Worked six weeks on talk, for the ghost refused to walk;  
Every one was broke—oh, it was anything but a joke;  
She did a singing specialty, and this is the song she sang:  
"I wish I was back! I wish I was back! Oh, gosh! I wish I was back!"

CHORUS.

"I wish I was back on Broadway, the 'land of the frequent touch';  
I wish that I hadn't left home—I do! to roam, that's true:  
Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! For if I was back on Broadway, I wouldn't be broke,  
Oh, my! I wish I was back on Broadway." [not much]

The manager jumped the show, but nobody else could go; [you know;  
The sheriff and landlord had the trunks, and everything that was left,  
But she knew her little book, and landed a job as cook;  
All the baggage she had was her little tale of woe;  
Other troupers came—gave her "the laugh," oh! it was a shame!  
Said she was in luck, saw more dough than they'd ever struck;  
But each manager told her he hadn't a place for her.  
Said she would have to change her act, for this is the song she sang:  
"I wish I was back! I wish I was back! Oh, gosh! I wish I was back!"  
—*Chorus.*

## For Her Sake Let Me Go

Copyright, 1899, by Sol Bloom. International copyright secured.  
Words by Raymond A. Browne. Music by Leo Friedman.

While the weary army slept, through the lines there softly crept  
The figure of a foe at break of day;  
Till the ringing cry of "Halt!" echoed 'neath the heaven's vault,  
And the rifles of the sentries barred his way.  
From them came the angry cry: "Shoot him, lads, for he's a spy!"  
But they hesitated, as the moments sped,  
For their hasty search revealed nothing trait'rous there concealed,  
And in tones of sad despair their prisoner said:

CHORUS.

"For her sake let me go, men, for I'm no spy, I swear!  
Tho' you and I are foemen, I've always fought you fair;  
My little child lies dying—she's dear to me, you know;  
I'm on my way to see her—for her sake let me go!"

As he told in simple way how he'd travelled night and day  
To see his little baby just once more,  
Ev'ry heart with pity filled for the man they would have killed—  
'Twas a touch of nature in the cruel war;  
Tho' he was a hated foe, and 'twas wrong to let him go,  
No one cared for that, for each one thought instead  
Of the baby in that home calling for her dad to come,  
And they set him free when pleadingly he said:—*Chorus.*

## IN THE SHADOWS OF MY OLD GREEN MOUNTAIN HOME

By Edward M. Wickes. Tune—"Mid the Green Fields of Virginia."

Far away, down in Manila, where I left my dear comrade  
Sleeping 'neath the flag he fought for brave and true,  
Many tears he shed at parting, as he took his last farewell,  
Saying take this message home I pray of you:  
You are going to your sweetheart and those you love so dear,  
So if you see my sweetheart all alone,  
Just tell her and my mother that I'll be back next year,  
To the shadows of my old Green Mountain home.

CHORUS.

There's an humble cottage there, a mother's nightly prayer  
To guard her boy from harm when he may roam,  
And the truest little sweetheart who is waiting there for me,  
In the shadows of my old Green Mountain home.

Down to that place I wandered for to see my dear old chum,  
But only seen the spot where he now lays;  
He was wounded in the battle, but no groan escaped his lips;  
His last words were of love and childhood days;  
He said when all is over I hope you won't forget  
To send me back to those across the foam,  
And lay me in the church-yard where the robins build their nest,  
In the shadows of my old Green Mountain home.—*Chorus.*

# All Birds Look Like Chickens to Me

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.  
Words and Music by Irving Jones.

Sam Green's an educated fowllist, well versed in chickenhood,  
When he don't want a chicken meal, his appetite ain't good;  
He eats fried chicken ev'ry meal, and chicken salad for lunch;  
He never buys a solitary hen, but he gets them by the bunch,  
And when he sees a mockingbird, these words he'll loud exclaim,  
"That bird is a talking hen, although she's changed her name,"  
He also says "a canary bird is a chicken that's learned to sing,"  
And if you contradict him, this argument he'll spring:

CHORUS.  
All birds look like chickens to me,  
Crows look like black hens you see,  
Some birds are raised up for a prize,  
But a knife and fork make all one size;  
People say quails aren't chickens, you see,  
But they look like illiputian hens to me;  
There's eagles and owls and other fowls,  
But they look like chickens to me.

Sam Green went over to a bird show, all nations of birds he seen,  
And when he spied a parrot, he said, that hen's painted green,  
And when he saw a wild duck, that coon's heart loud did beat,  
He said, "That hen has got bow legs and a pair of rag time feet,"  
And when he spied a peacock that jap could hardly talk;  
He said, "That is a coon hen that's learned how to cack walk;"  
He also says "that an ostrich is a chicken that's overgrown,"  
And as he started homeward, these words he soft did moan:—Chorus.

# Fond Recollections of My Dear Old HOME

Copyright, 1900, by H. Royal & Co. English copyright secured.  
Words by Frank J. Hall. Music by M. Waterson.

How well do I remember now that dear old home afar!  
It shines within my memory like a never-fading star;  
I see my mother at the door, where last she said "good-bye,"  
And when I think of all I've lost, my heart still breathes a sigh,  
I'd give the world could I return to meet the loved ones there;  
One happy moment of the past, again with them to share.

CHORUS.  
Fond recollections of my dear old home  
Return to my heart again, tho' far o'er the foam;  
Sweetly they cheer me, while lonely I roam,  
Fond recollections of my dear old home.

The loving words of mother often come to me again,  
Amid the glare of pleasure when I think of them with pain;  
Oh, had I taken her advice my path had been more bright;  
She bade me always think of her, the absent from her sight  
How oft in dreams I see her face so like an angel fair;  
How oft I long to live again, my boyhood days to share.—Chorus.

# You Are the Bestest Man I Ever Knew

Copyright, 1900, by H. Royal Music Co. English copyright secured.  
Words by Alfonso Dooley. Music by H. Waterson.

I used to love a little gal, the best of all my beans,  
Her eyes were bright as diamonds, and black as black as sloes,  
I used to treat her like a lady, because I really liked her ways,  
And when I asks her if she loves me, this is what my baby said:

CHORUS.  
You are the bestest man I ever knew;  
I never loved another until I met you;  
My heart is all a-burrring, I always will be true,  
For you are the bestest man I ever knew.

Last night I saw my baby gal, oh, with another dusky moke,  
The reason why that she shook me, because she knew I was broke;  
I followed them up to her door, oh, just to see how long he'd stay;  
He put his arms around her waist, and then I heard my baby say:—Cho.

# She's My Sally of Shenandoah Valley

Copyright, 1900, by H. Royal & Co. English copyright secured.  
Words by H. Royal. Music by M. Waterson.

A rustic home beside the stream, a picture bright and fair,  
Now comes before me like a dream, the girl I loved dwelt there;  
She was my boyhood's idol true, with eyes of heaven's blue,  
And oft I'd stray, at close of day, down the valley, calling Sally.

CHORUS.  
She's my Sally of Shenandoah Valley;  
My heart's in the keeping of Sally;  
Her voice still I hear as when evening draws near,  
I'd wait down the valley for Sally.

I see that home of beauty still, with roses clustered 'round,  
No dearer joy my heart can thrill, no love like her's I've found;  
For we parted long ago, and other scenes I know,  
But oh, how sweet once more to meet down the valley, pretty Sally.  
—Chorus.

# I LUB MA BABY SUE

Copyright, 1899, by S. C. Northrop. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.  
Words and music by J. J. Skelly.

Once I had a colored lady, whom I thought was all my own;  
For she tole me dat she lub'd me, and she lub'd but me alone,  
But dar came a dandy nigger, fell in love with mah gal Sue,  
Just because he cut a figger, then away with him she flew.

CHORUS.  
But I lub mah baby, yes, I lub mah baby, Sue;  
She dun gone and leave me, 'cause her lub was not true.  
Dis gent ob color enticed her and she flew,  
But mah heart will break, just for her sake, 'cause I love ma baby Sue.  
If I ebbet meet dat nigger, I shall tole you what I'll do:  
I will spoll his fancy figger, just because he stole mah Sue.  
When he sees me draw mah razor, he will tremble and turn white;  
He won't think I have forgotten dat he stole mah Sue one night.  
—Chorus.

# On the Delaware

Copyright, 1899, by Rhoads & Johnson. Words and music by Bert Somers.

In a quaint old-fashioned city, on the peaceful Delaware,  
Lived the fairest little lass I ever knew.  
We were lovers there in days gone by, and happy were our dreams,  
As we talked of future days and what we'd do.  
The day I asked her for her hand I never will forget.  
She shyly said, "Yes, Ted, I'm yours for life."  
In a fortnight we were married, but alas! we soon did part,  
For a higher power claimed my darling wife.

CHORUS.  
I can never forget her, no matter where I roam;  
I can never replace her, in our old sweet home;  
Many maids I've met in foreign climes, but none to me seems fair  
As the girl I wooed and won upon the Delaware.  
Sometime ago I wandered through the church-yard where she lies,  
And sitting on her grave soon dozed away,  
And in my dreams I seemed to see her as in days gone by,  
With loving face as sunny as the day.  
I took her in my arms once more, then gazed into her eyes,  
And whispered, "May, don't leave me here alone."  
But in a mist she vanished, and my heart again was sad,  
For she was lost to me, my wife, my own.—Chorus.

# ZAZA

Copyright, 1900, by Plant & Moran.  
Words by Paschal J. Plant. Music by Allen C. Moran.

Behind the scenes of a concert hall, where Zaza was the rage,  
She met a man whom she adored, and for him left the stage,  
Six months of blissful cooing, passed in a cottage in a dell,  
Till Zaza heard he had a wife, then in this rev'le fell:

CHORUS.  
Why did you let me love you, and why did you love me so?  
Why not have told me of your wife and dear little To-To?  
Oh! why that first, that ling'ring kiss: it thrilled my heart and brain;  
I love you more than wife or life, we must not meet again.  
Poor Zaza was "a broken toy," grief's crown was on her brow,  
But "love redeems the world" when true, so she took a new vow;  
Two years of stage life now she spent, both fame and honor hers,  
They met once more, he told of love, she answered hiding tears:  
—Chorus.

# To Meet Is Sadder Than to Part

Copyright, 1900, by Plant & Moran.  
Words by Paschal J. Plant. Music by Allen C. Moran.

A man and maid met on a beach, as brightly shone the sun,  
They'd loved and courted years ago, her heart and hand he'd won,  
He'd sworn he loved her pure and true, her heart, her soul he owned,  
He'd crushed her heart and stained her soul, with pity now she moaned.

CHORUS.  
To meet is sadder than to part from one who's wrecked your heart,  
Ghosts arise of hopes untold, ghosts of a love grown cold. [sing.]  
Visions of love's first blissful wooing, whisper: "Ah! there's no renew-  
To meet is sadder than to part, to meet is sadder than to part."  
A gray-haired man and woman meet by chance met at a race,  
With all her years of sin and vice, love shone out from her face;  
She'd been divorced now many years, thrown by for one more fair,  
As face to face past lovers met, she sighed in wild despair.—Chorus.

# DON'T YO' REMEMBER ME, MASSA

Copyright, 1899, by Royal Music Co. English copyright secured.  
Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by M. Waterson.

One day, in a city afar, 'neath a sunny Southern sky,  
A negro, so feeble and old, through streets wearily wandered by;  
He tottered along to a porch, a face there he eagerly scanned,  
And these words he pleadingly spoke, while he held out his hand:

CHORUS.  
Oh, don't yo' remember me, Massa John?  
I've lookin' fo' yo' far and wide;  
My ole heart is glad now I've met yo'!  
I never on earth could forget yo',  
I know yo' won't tell me to leave your side,  
'Twas here, where so happy was I,  
Oh, don't yo' remember me, dear Massa John,  
I've come to the ole home to die.

He told how he wandered each day, how he'd longed again to see  
The cottonfields sunny and white, and the birds on the magnolia tree,  
His wife and his children were gone, and bowing his snowy white head,  
He knelt by the old rustic porch, and he wept while he said:—Chorus.  
They carried him tenderly in, and his mournful story heard;  
The blessing of kindness was his, and the joy of a soft gentle word.  
The old village churchyard so green now folds him in rest forevermore,  
And never on earth they'll forget his sad words at the door:—Chorus.



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## The Darkey's Home, Sweet Home

Copyright, 1899, by Jos. Morris. Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

There's a spot in Alabama, where the birds sing all the day,  
And nature seems to always be in tune;  
Where the darkeys gather nightly in the good old-fashioned way,  
And trum the banjo 'neath the Southern moon.  
It is there my heart is turning as I sit alone to-night,  
The mem'ry brings the teardrop and a sigh,  
And I long to sit with Nellie by the little cabin white,  
And live again those happy days gone by.

CHORUS.

The honeysuckle twines around the dear old cabin door,  
But strangers tread the path we lov'd to roam,  
And tho' now I'm far away, fancy lingers evermore,  
'Round the darkey's home, sweet home.

Ev'ry note from my old banjo takes me back to her again,  
In dreams I see the path we loved to roam,  
And my eyes are red with weeping and my heart is sore with pain;  
I long to see our humble little home,  
Near the cabin in the clearing there's a little mound alone,  
The breezes whisper softly as they blow,  
And the name of my dark Nellie is engraven on the stone,  
I placed it there just twenty years ago.—Chorus.

## SHE WAS BORN IN OLD VIRGINIA

Used by permission of Langhorne Music Co. Copyright, 1898, by J. V. Langhorne.  
Words by J. Vickery Langhorne. Music by Robert E. Whittlemore.

You may all talk of your beauties, of the girls you've loved the best,  
But on a sunny Southern shore lived the one I loved so dear;  
Her eyes were bright as dewdrops, and her cheeks blush'd like the rose;  
She was sweeter than the rarest flower that in any garden grows;  
I first met her in the meadow—of course, by chance, you know,  
For the church path it runs through it, and there she'd always go,  
Then when a few weeks later, as I wandered by her side,  
A kiss I pressed upon her lips, and asked her to be my bride.

CHORUS.

She was born in old Virginia, she's a daughter of the South,  
With eyes just like her native skies, pearly teeth and tempting mouth;  
She was a dream of youthful beauty, and I'll love her evermore,  
For the fairest girl in all the world lived on old Virginia's shore.

Many years have passed since that day when she promised to be mine,  
While standing by the old church wall, the bells did sweetly chime,  
Then life seemed bright and joyful with that dear girl by my side,  
For she had made me happy, when yes she softly sighed,  
But now alone as sad I stand in that same old church-yard,  
For my loved one she has passed away, and here lies beneath the sod,  
My love for her it is the same, I long for her dear face;  
I'll love her while life may last, no one can take her place.—Chorus.

## PROMISE THAT YOU'LL WED ME

Used by permission of Langhorne Music Co. Copyright, 1898, by J. V. Langhorne.  
Words by George A. Norton. Music by Robt. E. Whittlemore.

I love a little maiden young and fair,  
Her voice is like a gentle summer breeze,  
For other girls, alas! I do not care,  
But her my one ambition is to please;  
We quarreled, but I met her, beneath the starry skies;  
That she'd forgive me not I was afraid;  
But as I begged forgiveness, a light shone in her eyes,  
That encouraged me, and then to her I said:

CHORUS.

Oh, my sweetheart, I love you,  
Give me your promise—darling, believe me, for I will be true;  
Don't cast me aside, dear, whatever you may do;  
Promise that you'll wed me, for I love but you.

Oh, tell me do you love me as of old,  
Is there love in your pure heart for me?  
Sweetheart, as your little hand I hold,  
So you hold my future destiny;  
Oh, do not keep me waiting, but whisper, "I love you."  
As I spoke thus, my sweetheart softly sighed;  
And as she gently whispered, in these words so sweet and true,  
To all my vows of love she then replied:

CHORUS.

Oh, my sweetheart, I love you,  
I'll gladly wed you—dearest, believe me, I speak but those true,  
Sweet words that come in love from my heart;  
Wed me, and in life we nevermore shall part.

## SPORTIN' SAL

Used by permission of Langhorne Music Co. Copyright, 1898, by J. V. Langhorne.  
Words by J. V. Langhorne. Music by John J. Graf.

Listen, coons, and about her I will tell,  
De belle of the cake walk, she am dead swell,  
She am a trifle feverish, an' sure as yer born,  
She's de onliest gal what for me has a charm;  
Take warning, niggers, don't try to cut a dash,  
If yer gets fernilyer, coon, meat I will slash,  
I'se a bad nigger when my blood gets warm,  
Keep away from Sportin' Sal, or I'll do yer harm.

CHORUS.

My Sal, she am to me de dearest coon gal,  
My heart goes flip-flop when at her I gits a sight;  
Niggers, don't pine for dis yellor gal of mine,  
For I'se marryin' her one day next Tuesday night.

I first met her in de corn-field,  
De kind moon lent us his bright light,  
An' though I am a little cloudy-colored,  
My Sally she am very bright,  
She was so sweet an enticing,  
As she was standin' right dere,  
Dat words of luv I said to her,  
Wild none but ears of corn to hear.—Chorus.  
At ev'ry dance around our town,  
It am dead sure dat my Sal be found,  
De coons dey come from far and near  
To see de togs what Sally do wear;  
Klondike diamonds are de go,  
And dem Sal wears, do become her so,  
Dat when we whirl in alry maze,  
My Sportin' Sal am in a blaze.—Chorus.

## I WISH I COULD SEE MOTHER NOW

Copyright, 1893, by Pole Raughley. Words and Music by Pole Raughley.

There's a moss-covered cot that is dearer  
Than a mansion would be to me,  
'Twas the home of my dear old mother,  
And the place I am longing to see;  
Poor mother has died since I left her,  
She rests with the angels, I trow;  
I know she is happy in heaven,  
How I wish I could see mother now.

CHORUS.

I wish I could see mother now, as she once fondly kissed my brow, now,  
I'll meet her some day, in heaven I pray, how I wish I could see mother

I remember the days of my childhood,  
And the pleasures I had when a boy,  
And the mem'ry of my dear old mother  
Brings back to me many a joy;  
In fancy I see at the window  
My dear mother's fair wrinkled brow,  
And I cherish the advice she gave me,  
How I wish I could see mother now.—Chorus.

'Tis years since I left her to wander,  
Alone o'er this wide world to roam,  
How often I've wished for my mother,  
And a sight of that once dear old home;  
She told me the day that I left her,  
To always be honest and true,  
And remember, my boy, while you're wand'ring,  
Your mother's the best friend to you.—Chorus.

## You're All Right AS FAR AS YOUR MONEY GOES.

Copyright, 1896, by Harry F. Cook. Words and Music by Harry F. Cook.

While strolling out the other night the sights to see,  
I met a dashing girl, and this she said to me:  
"Ah! there, my dear, will you go out just for a lark  
This pleasant evening, as I strolled on through the park,  
We'll take in the sights, for everybody knows  
You're all right as far as your money goes."

CHORUS.

Boys, this is what she said to me in her winning way,  
"Remember when out for a lark, for pleasures you must pay,  
So cheer up, my boy, for ev'rybody knows  
You're all right as far as your money goes."

Such sights did I see, and such things did I hear,  
While going the rounds with this dashing dear,  
We wine and we dined, at such queer places did call,  
The wine, it flowed freely, so did whiskey and all,  
Such were the sights I saw, everybody knows  
You're all right as far as your money goes.—Chorus.

I went rolling home with an elegant jag on,  
Got up in the morning with a double head on,  
Not a "hic" in my pocket to get a drink on,  
Not a friend to lend me a dime on  
The rollicking good time I had, it plainly shows  
You're all right as far as your money goes.—Chorus.

Now all you young men that are going out for a lark,  
Beware of this young blonde that you'll meet in the park,  
While going the rounds, and the sights to see,  
She'll take you in tow and break you as she did me;  
It's one of the pleasures you pay for, everybody knows  
You're all right as far as your money goes.—Chorus.

## PRETTY EYES OF BLUE

Copyright, 1896, by Harry F. Cook. By Harry F. Cook.

Do you remember parting at the gate? pretty eyes of blue;  
And the promise then you made? 'twas: "I love you, I'll be true."  
The stars were shining brightly, and the moon was smiling, too,  
As we stood at the gate, and I stole a kiss from you,  
'Twas the happiest moment of my life, 'tis true,  
The sweetest girl is my pretty eyes of blue.

CHORUS.

Oft in dreams do I behold thee,  
And those pretty eyes of blue,  
How I long to smooth those golden tresses,  
And kiss those lips of cherry hue,  
And press you to my heart, as in days of long ago,  
As we stood at the gate and I stole a kiss from you;  
'Twas the happiest moment of my life, 'tis true,  
The sweetest girl is my pretty eyes of blue.

Fond recollection brings to me more dear, pretty eyes of blue;  
And the songs you often sweetly sang to me long ago,  
As we strolled by the brookside, and we courted in the twilight,  
For you and I were lovers then, as we walked side by side,  
Little did I think that we must part, 'tis true,  
From you, my own darling, pretty eyes of blue.—Chorus.

Recall those unkind words, my own, my dear, pretty eyes of blue;  
That makes us strangers now, though once we were lovers true,  
The vow that thou hast broken dear, will surely break my heart,  
And from you, my darling, I can never, never part,  
'Twas the saddest moment of my life, 'tis true,  
When we had parted, my pretty eyes of blue.—Chorus.



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# My Ann Elizer

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Words and Music by Malcolm Williams.  
My girl ain't much to look at, she ain't no dream,  
She can't sing like an angel, Ann Elizer Green,  
But when she hears the "rag time" she can't keep still,  
Her nerves commence a-jumpin' she gets a chill—well,  
Her eyes begin a-shinin', her cheeks get red,  
Her feet commence to dancin', she shakes her head,  
And when she starts a-shufflin' she's the real thing;  
I can't keep still no longer, I got to sing:—Well—

CHORUS.

My Ann Elizer, she's a surpriser, a tantalizer, she's in the whirl,  
And I'll advertise her, my Ann Elizer, she is my "rag-time" girl.

I took her to a party last Sunday night,  
Where all the coons were dancin', ended in a fight,  
There was a yeller feller from Thompson Street,  
Said that he had a baby no wench could beat—well,  
I bet on Ann Elizer all that I had,  
When she got through a-dancin' that coon looked sad,  
He tried to grab the money, I carved him deep,  
I sang this song to him as he went to sleep:—Well—Chorus.

## WHEN I RETURN WE'LL BE WED

Copyright, 1898, by Edw. M. Koninsky & Bros.  
Sheet music published by Edw. M. Koninsky & Bros., Troy, N. Y.  
Words and music by Sadie Koninsky.

It was just before the battle, the troops were ordered on,  
And a soldier with his sweetheart by his side  
Were both praying for his safety and that he might soon return,  
And live in peace and comfort with his bride,  
They would soon have been wedded had he not been called to arms,  
And it made the parting all the worse to bear,  
But he said, "My country calls, so we'll be wed when I return,  
Let us hope 'twill be the answer to our prayer."

CHORUS.

"When I return we'll be wed,"  
Those were the last words he said,  
As he shouldered his musket and marched along,  
Perhaps to be soon with the dead,  
But her sweet smiling face cheer'd him on,  
Though her heart sank within as he left,  
And long in her mem'ry there lived that farewell,  
"When I return we will be wed."

In the thickest of the battle, amidst the shot and shell,  
Stood the soldier with the bravest of the brave,  
When upon them came an awful charge, and with the rest he fell,  
While struggling for his country's flag to save,  
As his comrades gathered 'round him, "tell my sweetheart" were his  
"Tell her gently, for too soon the news she'll learn," [words,  
And then, as his soul took flight, he whispered while they raised him up,  
"Tell her we'll be wed as soon as I return."—Chorus.

## WHEN A WOMAN LOVES

Copyright, 1897, by Philip Kussel. Words and Music by Philip Kussel.

Don't leave me, dear, in anger, for surely you'll regret,  
Now that my time is drawing to a close,  
How often have you told it, you loved none else but me,  
Tho' now your life is filled with bitter woes,  
All through our married life you've been the idol of my heart;  
Your love has been to me my all in all,  
You surely must have loved me, or else I've been deceived,  
Tell me ere I go beyond recall.

CHORUS.

For when a woman loves, how plainly does she show it,  
Nothing in this world can take her love away;  
She'll work for you, she'll beg for you, and yes I know she'd die for you,  
For when a woman truly loves her love will stay.

When you had wealth and plenty, I entertained your friends,  
And made all men pay homage to your name,  
And after, when misfortune swept all your wealth away,  
You always found my love was just the same.  
None had a better right to make the man that I loved best  
Go forth and show that work was not a shame.  
Did I not also help you until I lost my health?  
Tell me that you love me just the same.—Chorus.

## SUSIE UE.

Copyright, 1898, by Lyon & Healy.  
Written and Composed by R. Gilbert.

There's a pretty little gal all mine,  
She's so elegant and sweet all de time—  
Fer to marry her I'm sighin',  
An' at times I feel as if I was a-dyin',  
Now she lubs to hear me sing, yes she do—  
An' to play upon de banjo, too,  
Fer I've a song, a lubby song,  
Which I sings to her de whole day long.

REFRAIN.

Susie ue, do lub me true,  
Darky boy is berry fond of you;  
Meet yer, honey, in de mornin',  
Wen de birds am all a-callin' Susie-ue, mah Susie-ue,  
Susie, usie, usie, usie-ue.

RAG CHORUS.

Oh, Susie ue, do lub me true,  
Darky boy is very fond of you,  
Meet yer, honey, in de mornin',  
Wen de birds am all a-callin'  
Susie ue, mah Susie-ue;  
Susie, usie, Susie usie-ue.

'Mong de honeysuckle all day long,  
Hark! de bees are hummin' dere wild song—  
From de cabin comes loud singin',  
Darkies voices thro' de old plantation ringin',  
An' dere's gwine to be some fun ober dere,  
Dat will make de odder nigger boys stare,  
For massa's gwine ter make her mine;  
I'se so happy dat I can't help crying:—Refrain.



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# BELLE OF HONOLULU

Copyright, 1898, by J. Donigan. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Lee Johnson

A high-toned gal has won me, a belle of sweet sixteen,  
She is the sweetest gal I've seen, this Honolulu hula queen,  
For style and grace this lady is ev'rything that's swell,  
She is a dream, this Honolulu belle;  
When she goes by, the ladies sigh, de coons all wink their eyes;  
And when ma gal goes down de line, the natives they all cry:—

\*SPOKEN.—Well, what do they cry? (This can be introduced at \*, before  
chorus, by orchestra or singer on stage, if desired.)

CHORUS.

She is a dream, ma Honolulu queen, the sweetest girl that ever was seen;  
She is divine, this hula girl of mine, she is the belle of Honolulu.

Next Easter morn I'll wed her, this Oriental queen, [line,  
Den wedding bells will sweetly chime, and with ma bride I'll fall in  
All decked in orange blossoms, and silks and satins fine;  
She'll soon be mine, this hula gal divine;  
De choir will sing and chant a hymn when I put on de ring;  
And when I march out with ma bride, the natives they will sing:—

—Chorus.

A high-toned girl has won me, a belle of sweet sixteen,  
She is the sweetest girl I've seen, this Honolulu hula queen,  
For style and grace this lady is everything that's swell,  
She is a dream, my Honolulu belle;  
When she goes by the ladies sigh, the swells all wink their eyes;  
The natives shout when she goes out, and this is what they cry:—

—Chorus.

Next Eastern morn I'll wed her, this Oriental queen,  
Then wedding bells will sweetly chime, and with my bride I'll fall in [line,  
All decked in orange blossoms, and silks and satins fine.  
She'll soon be mine, this hula girl divine,  
The choir will sing and chant a hymn when I put on the ring;  
And when I march out with my bride, the natives they will sing:—

—Chorus.

## A Farmer Never Can an Actor Be

Copyright, 1897, by Smith Piano Co.

Words by Fred Cohn. Music by John A. Thomas.

John Reuben from the country thought he'd to the city go,  
"I'm tired of the farm," said he, "I'm going to jam a show.  
A real live actor I will be, my fame it shall resound."  
"Oh, what a fool," the neighbors said, "no bigger can be found."  
So to an actor's boarding-house in the city Reuben went,  
The show-folks guyed him all day long, he didn't mind a cent.  
"I'm looking for a good soubrette with me to do a turn,"  
They introduced him "Polly Jones," and from her he did learn:

CHORUS.

"First, you stand up on your head like this,  
To the audience wave a little kiss,  
Waltz upon your ear, 'way back to the rear,  
Turn a summersault, but don't you miss,  
Then you do the hutsch-kutch dance,  
Make a bow or two at every chance,  
Tell a funny gag, and dance the buck and rag,  
That will be an act of which we can brag."  
Then she told him she would like to dine,  
Reuben says, "let's have a bottle of wine;"  
Then she blew him and made him spend his tin,  
'Till for the farm that jay did pine;  
On the train, next day, Reuben did flee,  
"The old farm right quick I'm going to see,  
Home is good enough, but you bet she was hot stuff,"  
A farmer never can an actor be.

A short time after he got home, there came the county fair,  
And ev'ry farmer that could go, soon hurried to get there,  
Now Reuben he was one of them, he brought the folks down, too,  
And told them to enjoy themselves, while he'd the live-stock view.  
The gambling tent attracted him, he watched the wheel go 'round,  
"That business is an easy one, no better can be found."  
"A gambler I would like to be, for that my heart does yearn;"  
So he went up, spoke to the boss, and from him he did learn:

CHORUS.

"First, you get a sucker on the string,  
And to your room you him will bring,  
And then when you play, things will come his way,  
For a little while you let him win,  
Then when you think he has won enough,  
Just you start to make a good big bluff,  
That's the way to win, to get all his tin,  
For he'll weaken, and you get the stuff;  
Now I'll show you how the trick is done,  
We'll start a little game, but just for fun,"  
Said Reuben, "don't you fret, I'll make a little bet,  
If for my money I can get a run."  
Soon the jay he held of aces three,  
"I'll bet you all I've got if you'll agree;"  
Then the gambler show'd a flush, a poor Reuben made a rush—  
A farmer never can a gambler be.

Now, Reuben got disgusted, "I'll settle and stay here,  
They can't do me when I'm at home, there ain't no con. men near,"  
A farmer I will live and die, for that is good enough,  
I'll raise my cows, and sell my wheat, though country life is tough."  
Election time was coming near, excitement reigned supreme,  
For Congress they put Reuben up, he felt as in a dream.  
"Now there's the thing that I've longed for, I know not how to turn;  
And then he met Senator Smith, and from him he did learn:

CHORUS.

"First, you've got the crowd to organize,  
In the papers you must advertise,  
Then you hire a hall, give the crowd a ball,  
Make them think on you there are no flies;  
Spend your money free at ev'ry place,  
For the gang the growler always chase.  
Be up day and night, always keep in sight;  
Then you'll have a show to win the race."  
So poor Reuben hustled through the town,  
You bet your life he done things good and brown:  
His money it did flow, it was a holy show  
Why, even his watch he put in pawn.  
Election day came, sunny, bright and free,  
"This is the day on which I'll honored be."  
That night, in a minute, Reuben found he wasn't in it;  
A farmer can't a politician be.

# TRUST HIM NOT

## The Fortune-Teller Said.

Copyright, 1899, by Victor Kremer Co. English copyright secured.  
Theme by John Allen. Words by Monroe H. Rosenfeld. Music by Alfred Solman.

While a mother sat one evening by the fireside,  
Came her pretty daughter home, and to her said:  
"Oh! my heart is aching, mother, I am lonely,  
For I know he's faithless, we can never wed,  
I've just been to the fortune-teller's, mother;  
She read the inmost secrets of my heart,  
And when I turned to leave her she was weeping,  
As she whispered that we must forever part!"

### REFRAIN.

"Oh! trust him not!" the fortune-teller told me,  
"Oh! heed him not! you'll find he is untrue,  
For in the past he vowed he loved another,  
But he was false to her, as he's to you;  
Oh! turn away, fair lady, heed my warning,  
For yonder in the valley of the dead  
There sleeps the one whose gentle heart he'd broken,  
Oh! trust him not!" the fortune-teller said.

"I can ne'er forget her anguish, dearest mother,  
As she rose with tott'ring footsteps and drew near,  
Then she tossed away the glittering gold I gave her,  
While she grasped my arm, and I drew back in fear."  
"You dare not wed him!" shrieked the trembling woman,  
"I beg you go," she screamed in accents wild,  
"For she who's sleeping silent over yonder  
Was my child, the fortune-teller's only child!"—*Refrain.*

## Maggie Darling

Copyright, by Victor Kremer Co. Words and Music by John Allen.

I've a secret, Maggie Darling, that I'd tell to only thee,  
For I love you, Maggie Darling, you're the dearest one to me;  
There's not a morn when I awake but I whisper o'er and o'er  
Thy sweet name, O Maggie Darling, which I worship more and more.

### CHORUS.

Maggie, tell me that you love me, whisper soft the story old,  
Tell me, dearest, sweetest darling, that your love will ne'er grow cold;  
Let me hold you closer, darling, lay thy soft, white hand in mine;  
Take my heart, O sweetest Maggie, say that you will give me thine.  
Birds are singing, Maggie Darling, in the woodlands sweet and clear;  
They are telling, Maggie Darling, of our love that is so dear;  
When the star-beams drop their silver, we will stroll along once more,  
And I'll whisper, Maggie Darling, that sweet story o'er and o'er.—*Chorus.*

## SWEET LITTLE ROSE McGEE

Copyright, 1899, by Victor Kremer.  
Words by John Allen. Music by Alfred Solman.

In a side street of the city, such as often you may see,  
Where boys and girls do pass away the time,  
There lives a dainty maiden, just as sweet as she can be,  
And I hope some day that I can call her mine.  
Each morning on the trolley she goes down to work so jolly,  
For her little heart is always light and free;  
The boys declare they love her, and they say there is no other  
One-half so sweet and fair as Rose McGee.

### CHORUS.

She's my sweetheart, is my little Rose,  
Just like sunshine wherever she goes,  
There's no lady, even of high degree,  
Can equal or be compared to sweet little Rose McGee.

She may smile and talk to others, yet I know she loves but me,  
And it makes me feel so happy all the time,  
When we go out together all the neighbors then agree  
That the day is near when I will call her mine.  
I've saved up lots of money, and I'll give it to my honey  
On the happy day when we will wedded be,  
And then my little fairy, with the step so light and airy,  
Will change her name to mine from Rose McGee.—*Chorus.*

## When You Learn to Love Too Late

Copyright, 1899, by Victor Kremer.  
Words by John Allen. Music by Alfred Solman.

I sit and dream alone of you,  
And of those happy days gone by,  
When we walked in the woodlands gay  
Before we said our last "good-bye."  
Could I but see your face once more,  
And hear again your voice divine,  
I'd falter, love, at your feet,  
And humbly ask you to be mine.

### CHORUS.

Dear heart, I learned to love too late;  
Alas! it was my cruel fate,  
My whole life now is filled with pain,  
While for your love I long in vain,  
My heart is thrilled with deep regret,  
My hopeless love I can't forget,  
Sweet dreams alone make bright a cruel fate,  
When you have learned to love, to love too late!

The days were bright when you were here,  
No cloud obscured the clear blue sky,  
The air was filled with melodies  
Before we said that last "good-bye."  
The birds sang out your dear, sweet name,  
Down by the little silver stream,  
But now another claims your heart,  
And life to me seems one sad dream.—*Chorus.*

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cation.

# My Dream of Love

Copyright, 1899, by Victor Kremer.  
Words by John Allen. Music by Geo. Schielfarth.

My dream of love, when first we met among the woodland flowers,  
The nightingales were calling you throughout those luppy hours;  
They filled my soul with music sweet, while stars shone bright above,  
And your dear head lay pillow'd soft on my true heart of love,  
And your dear head lay pillow'd soft on my true heart of love.

### CHORUS.

I told the sweet old story then, that ever will be new,  
While every new-born violet perfumed the air for you;  
I kissed your golden tresses, dear, while night-winds sighed above,  
And O, I whispered softly then, "You are my dream of love,"  
And O, I whispered softly then, You are my dream, my dream of love.  
Though years have passed, we'll walk again, with hearts so light & gay,  
And see the lovers pass along that well-remembered way;  
They'll bring sweet memories back once more, of happy days gone by,  
When nightingales were calling you beneath the starlit sky,  
When nightingales were calling you beneath the starlit sky.—*Chorus.*

## Pickaninny's Lullaby

Copyright, 1896, by The Novelty Song Pub. Co., Chicago.  
Words and Music by George W. Gage.

Tain't no time fer singin' now, quit dat dancin' on de flo',  
All yon darkles goen' take de ole banjo, don't yer pick it yere no mo'.  
Sun's done gone en' said "good night," stars am beginnin' fo' ter peep;  
You—all gals en' boys, goen' quit yer noise, pickaninny's gwine ter sleep.

### CHORUS.

Hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! hush!  
Swing high! swing high! when de ev'lin' breeze begins ter blow,  
While de moon am clim'in up de sky, swing, swing low,  
Now de crickets begin ter "cheep," en' de shadows am growin' deep,  
En' pickaninny's gwine ter sleep, bye, low, bye.

All de world seem mighty still, now de daytime work is done,  
Yon'er on de hill I hear de whippoorwill sling his good-night to de sun.  
Darkies out on de lagoon, big ole moon "way up in de sky."  
Hear dat banjo ring, hear dem darkles sing, pickaninny's lullaby.—*Chorus.*

## A HERO ALL FOR LOVE

Copyright, 1898, by Victor Kremer. Words and Music by Ragley A. Hobson.

Within a dreary prison cell a young man sat alone,  
And in repentance sadly bowed his head,  
As once more he recalls the smiles of one who was his own,  
Who now, perhaps, was mourning him as dead;  
One month before he'd forged a note, and thereby did obtain  
The needed wealth to make her his for life;  
A criminal they held him now, his heart near broke with pain,  
Unknown to her who was his promised wife.

### CHORUS.

For he did it all for love, for one he loved dearer than life,  
Tho' one sweet girl he fondly wished to make his loving wife;  
With thoughts of her, his loved one, as fair as the sunshine above,  
Midst dangers and strife, he risked his young life—a hero all for love.  
The scene is changed; the prisoner now, with other heroes true,  
Is fighting to defend his native land;  
Escaping from his prison cell, he's donned the soldier's blue,  
And desperate is the task they have on hand;  
Upon the gory battlefeld all danger he defies,  
And by his brav'ry wins undying fame.  
The pardon that awaits him now he deems a worthless prize,  
Compared with her whose love he now can claim.—*Chorus.*

## Alabama Camp Meeting

Copyright, 1899, by Victor Kremer.  
Words by John Raymond Hubbell. Music by F. A. Miller.

Alabama's black crowd got a feelin'  
Quite proud one day last August,  
An old parson got vexed in his camp-meetin' text  
And advised them to be converted;  
A coon named Sam Green got excited  
And was seen to hug a widow,  
Much trouble was a-brewin',  
All de wenchies was a-stewin',  
When de parson got up an' said:  
"Look hea! yo! Sam Green, apologize,  
Yo'se gone too far to-night.  
If yo' refuse, I'll take off dese religious shoes,  
An' dere'll be a reg'lar Gospel fight,  
Sam grabbed a razor an' yelled out,  
'Come on, yo' long-faced card!'  
When dey got through Sam Green's corpse was in view,  
An' de parson was er prayin' hard.  
Trouble over, dis is what de darkeys sang:  
Razors flyin', hoe-cakes fryin',  
Gospelness to beat de band,  
Parson prayin', souls a-savin',  
Down in Alabama land.

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Words and Music by **SAMUEL H. SPECK.**

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TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

**CHORUS.**

*Tempo di Valse. Lento.*

I nev - er loved un - til I met you,.....

I nev - er thought a heart could be so true,.....

Noth - - ing can come be - tween my love and my heart's queen,

I nev - er loved un - til I met you, A - - del - - - inc.....

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# YOU DON'T STOP THE WORLD FROM GOING 'ROUND

Copyright, 1899, by The Knickerbocker Music Co.

Words by Will J. Hardman. Music by Fred Hylands.

That gal of mine she is a perfect lady,  
If ever lady breathes the breath of life,  
And some day when I dream three lucky numbers,  
I hope to make that varnished belle my wife,  
But with my cocoa pearl I mix with trouble;  
We have our little fallings out you see,  
And then I wants to paint the air bright crimson,  
When she throws this awful big bum-shell at me. (Well)

CHORUS.

You don't stop the world from going 'round,  
You would not be missed beneath the ground;  
I'll admit you're one high-stepper,  
But you're not as hot as pepper.  
Other bees with honey can be found (Well, I don't know).  
You don't weigh no fifteen hundred pounds;  
I don't see no chain that keeps me bound;  
You are all right but for money.  
Let me tell you, Mister Sonny.

You don't stop the world from going 'round.  
She tells me that my manners are perfection,  
And that my style is really sassashay.  
I don't know what that means, and she don't either,  
That's why such things she always likes to say,  
She tells me I was out for an artist;  
I guess they cut me from an ob'ny tree,  
But don't I get an appetite for trouble  
When that high-bred, toasted lilly says to me: (Well).—Chorus.

# THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER KATE

Copyright, 1897, by I. Whiteson. Foreign copyright secured.

Words and music by Richard R. Hanch.

A high-toned Irish lady is the widow of Jim O'Neal;  
And she has a precious treasure that I intend to steal.  
Tho' thieving's not my business, and tho' I'm not insane,  
I'm under hypnotic influence, and therefore not to blame.

CHORUS.

Two eyes so blue, a heart so true, a wealth of golden hair;  
And a form most perfect has this treasure rare;  
I've planned a deep conspiracy, and just as sure as fate,  
The first chance I get I intend to steal the widow's daughter Kate.  
Somehow Katie learned my secret, and she whispered to me last eve  
That she'd just as soon be stolen, providing I'm the thief.  
To a neat and cozy cottage I'll bear my prize away;  
In my heart I will keep her a prisoner, forever and a day.—Chorus.

# HONEY, IS YER GWINE TO THROW ME DOWN?

Copyright, 1897, by Geo. E. Schaller & Co. International copyright secured.

Words by N. C. Helsder. Music by Geo. E. Schaller.

I've been pestered with a nigger that's a-foolin' 'round my Hannah,  
A bleached out yaller Alabama dude;  
He's been struttin' 'round the quarters with an overtakin' mannah,  
An' upon my gal's affections he's been tryin' to intrude.  
'Pears to me that gal is taken with his style, and thinks of shakin'  
Her baby with that coon to steal away;  
My love for her's so zealous, it makes me mighty jealous,  
An' I look into my Hannah's eyes an' say:

CHORUS.

I just wants to tell you, honey, if you're goin' to throw me down,  
I'll take a great big gun an' institute a funeral in dis hyar town.  
If you accepts dat yaller nigger, he'll be apt for to lose his life,  
And you'll be his widow on the day you become his wife.

I have loved my Hannah dearly, an' perhaps I've loved her blindly,  
But now I wants to know if I've her man;  
Since she's seen that other nigger, she's been treatin' me unkindly,  
An' the reason for her coolness I is bound to understand.  
Since that other coon's been sneakin' 'round, her love it seems to weaken,  
An' if I find she's gwine to throw me down,  
The coons will hold a session in a funeral procession,  
To escort that nigger's carcass from the town.—Chorus.

# YOU USED TO LOVE YOUR BABY BETTER'N YOU DO NOW.

Words and music by L. O. De Witt.

Copyright, 1899, by Becker, Vogler & Co. English copyright secured.

I'm a-havin' 'nuff trouble with ma family 'fairs  
For to drive most any man insane,  
For I can't find out what is causin' such a coldness  
From ma baby, ma 'Mandy Jane;  
She used to love me truly,  
'Cause she done tole me so befo'  
An' when all dis trouble  
A-comes a-sneakin' in ma do'  
I feel I'm 'titled to an explanation  
Why I'm caused so much vexation,  
So it's no mo' den right for me to say:

CHORUS.

You used to love yer baby better'n you do now;  
Say what's de use of all dis yere continual row,  
I've tried ma best for to treat you right,  
But you done got actin' like you was white,  
You used to love yer baby better'n you do now.

Don't I tote you 'round to all de colored affairs?  
Don't I do all any man can do?  
Don't I come home early? Ain't I reg'lar in ma habits?  
Didn't I quit all ma crap games, too?  
Because you said you loved me;  
Just like you always used to do,  
But dar's happenin' lately  
That makes me b'leve you alnt so true,  
An' I'm askin' you for an explanation,  
Why I'm caused so much vexation;  
An' I demand an answer when I say:—Chorus.

# MY LOVE'S THE SAME

Words by Roger Harding. Music by Steve Porter.

Copyright, 1899, by Knickerbocker Music Co.

The dear, dead past is ever in my heart, love,  
Where we oft roamed together, hand in hand,  
We vowed thro' life that we would never part, love,  
The happiest pair of lovers in the land;  
Tho' all these weary years of grief and pain, dear,  
My love's remained the same as on that day,  
Tho' I may never see your face again, dear,  
Believe me, I am truthful when I say:

CHORUS.

My love's the same, tho' years have fled,  
'Twill ever be, tho' yours be dead,  
Tho' you may never bear my name,  
As in the past, my love's the same.  
Another came and won you from my side, dear,  
You said our dream was o'er that we must part,  
I left you then in anger and in pride, dear,  
And tried to tear your image from my heart;  
In spite of all my efforts to forget you,  
My thoughts are all of you, by night and day;  
Altho' my heart is filled with sad regret, dear,  
The memories of the past still bid me say:—Chorus.

# 'TIS BEST FOR US TO PART

Copyright, 1899, by Knickerbocker Music Co.

Words by Roger Harding. Music by Fred Hylands.

They were parting from each other, her heart was filled with pain,  
She thought, perhaps, that she would never see his face again;  
You say that you'll come back, dear Ned, to claim your bride some day,  
And I will never cease my love, for your return to pray.  
You tell me we're too poor to wed, to wait just one short year;  
I trust that you'll forgive me, Ned, but, oh, I sadly fear,  
You'll learn to love another in that land so far away;  
It grieves me, but I feel 'tis right these last sad words to say:

CHORUS.

'Tis best for us to part, I know, although my heart will break,  
There's nothing in this world that I'd not do for your dear sake,  
Then clasp me in your arms once more, 'tis time for us to part,  
I'll keep the memory of that kiss forever in my heart.  
They then parted, and he left her, in distant lands to roam,  
And for awhile he often thought of her and home, sweet home;  
In just one year he did return, but not to claim her hand;  
He'd learned to love another in that far-off distant land,  
He told her all the bitter truth, then to her these words said,  
If you still hold me to my vow, with you alone I'll wed,  
She gently took his hand in hers, then turned her head away,  
As tears of sorrow filled her eyes, he heard her softly say:—Chorus.

# MY SUNNY SOUTHERN HOME

Copyright, 1899, by Knickerbocker Music Co. Words and music by Roger Harding.

I'm thinking of the day, when a boy I used to play,  
Along the Suwanee River's shore,  
And my eyes oft fill with tears, when I think of bygone years,  
And friends I loved in happy days of yore,  
There is no place on this earth, like the dear home of my birth,  
As o'er the world I ever sadly roam,  
Memory's all that's left to me, yet I'd give the world to see  
The old folks in my sunny Southern home.

CHORUS.

My home, my home, my dear old Sunny Southern home,  
Where the oriole and thrush  
Thrilled their songs at morning's blush,  
In the woodland, near my sunny Southern home.  
My sweetheart Eulalia, dearer than life to me,  
Lies sleeping near the Suwanee River's shore;  
I'm thinking of the day when I heard her sweet lips say,  
I love you, I am yours forevermore;  
Once again she's by my side, and my heart is filled with pride,  
As o'er the old plantation we both roam,  
Then I wake to find it vain, and I'll never see again  
My sweetheart and my sunny Southern home.—Chorus.

# SWEET LENORE

Copyright, 1899, by Geo. W. Clarke.

Words and Music by Charles Abbott and Hazen R. Johnson.

One bright summer's eve, as I strolled by the sea  
With one whom I loved to have by my side,  
My heart thrilled with joy as she whispered to me  
Of the day drawing nearer, when she'd be my bride.  
The moon slowly over the water did rise,  
All nature seemed happy and gay,  
And as I gazed into her pretty blue eyes,  
These words to my sweetheart I softly did say:

CHORUS.

Sweet Lenore, 'tis you I adore, ever I'm thinking of thee;  
Whisper those sweet words o'er and o'er, and say that you really love me;  
Name the day when wedded we'll be, and from me you will ne'er part;  
And you will e'er be to me my own true wife and my sweetheart.

The years quickly passed in our sweet wedded life;  
Our love still remained the same as of old.  
Tho' we had grown gray without sorrow or strife;  
And it seemed as though our love would never grow cold.  
At twilight we'd stroll by the lonesome seashore,  
And watch the sun's last golden rays;  
I'd look to the sweet upturned face of Lenore,  
And then to my darling these words I would say:—Chorus.

To-day all alone by the seashore I roam;  
The shadows of evening silently fall;  
Lenore has passed on to her heavenly home,  
And oh! how I long for the days past recall.  
The moon's soft beams play on the water again,  
The waves moan their soft plaintive lay;  
My thoughts now go back to the time that had been,  
When unto my darling these words I did say:—Chorus.



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# "JUST THE SAME."

Words by CHAS. E. BAER.

Music by FLORENCE BAER.

THIS IS THE CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

## CHORUS.

Say that you love me, tell me true.....

The first line of the chorus features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are "Say that you love me, tell me true.....". The piano part consists of chords and single notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes.

Just as you used to, I still love you.....

The second line of the chorus continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Just as you used to, I still love you.....". The piano part includes some measures with beamed eighth notes and chords.

Don't let us quar - rel, I'm to blame,.....

The third line of the chorus continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Don't let us quar - rel, I'm to blame,.....". The piano part includes some measures with beamed eighth notes and chords.

On - ly to hear you say you will love me al - way just the same.....

The fourth line of the chorus concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "On - ly to hear you say you will love me al - way just the same.....". The piano part includes some measures with beamed eighth notes and chords.

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## There'll Never Be a Girl Like You

Copyright, 1899, by Howley, Haviland & Co. English copyright secured.  
By Karl Kennett & Lyn U'dall.

I have known a score of maidens whom I thought were perfect quite,  
And some whom I deemed even something more;  
There was Rose and Kate and Molly, each in turn was my delight,  
For I thought each fairer than the one before.  
Although I loved them dearly and I love them dearly still,  
And ever to their memory I'm true.  
There's a different charm about you, and deny it tho' you will,  
There will never be a girl like you.

REFRAIN.

There may be girls as pretty, just as witty and as smart;  
There may be girls as loyal, just as loving and as true,  
But there's something dear about you that has whisper'd to my heart,  
There will never, no there'll never be a girl like you.

Tho' I cannot quite explain it, and I know not where it lies,  
'Tis with you, love, wherever you may be;  
In the music of your laughter, in the shyness of your eyes,  
For the pure and tender heart you gave to me.  
In years that lie before us, tho' we may drift far apart,  
You'll find me ever loving, ever true.  
And I never shall forget you, for I know within my heart  
There will never be a girl like you.—Refrain.

## TWO SWEETHEARTS OF MINE

Copyright, 1897, by J. C. Greene & Co. Words by E. P. Moran. Music by J. Fred Hoff.

A crowd of young fellows one night at a club  
Were telling of sweethearts they had;  
All of them jolly excepting one youth,  
And he seemed downhearted and sad.  
"Come, Ned, won't you join us," his comrades then asked,  
"For surely some girl has loved you."  
Then raising his head, as proudly he said,  
"Why, boys, I'm in love with two."

CHORUS.

"One has hair of silv'ry gray, the other just like gold,  
One is gay and youthful, while the other's bent and old;  
But dearer than life are both to me, and from neither would I part,  
One is my mother, God bless her, I love her, the other is my sweetheart."

My sweetheart, you see, is a poor working girl,  
But still I'm determined to wed;  
My father says, "No, it can never be so,  
Go marry an heiress instead."  
I've won mother over, she knows how it is,  
When father met her she was poor;  
She says, "Ned, don't fret, she'll be your wife yet,  
Father will consent, I am sure."—Chorus.

## Since Mary Harris Went to Paris

Copyright, 1897, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.  
Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

A girl named Mary Harris said she'd like to visit Paris,  
And her father, who's a millionaire, said, "Daughter, we shall go."  
Both bright and happy-hearted they were when the ship departed  
For the land of sun and flowers, which Napoleon worshiped so;  
They hadn't been in Paris but a week, when Mister Harris  
Said he thought it best for Mary if no longer there they'd stay;  
Directly home he brought her, Mary said he hadn't oughter,  
But the people in the village with a knowing twinkle say:

CHORUS.

Since Mary Harris went to Paris, oh, dear me!  
It seems so strange that such a change in her could be!  
Before she left she'd never heard the saying, glass of beer:  
But ask her now to have one, and she'll answer we musseur!

A girl named Kate McCarty with her sister gave a party,  
They invited Mary Harris, who had just returned from France.  
They'd lots of fun and singing, and a shout of joy went ringing  
Thro' the house when Mary Harris said, "Suppose we have a dance."  
The girls began debating and, without a moment waiting,  
Mary started in to show them how to dance the French Quadrille;  
Then kinking high and prancing 'round the room she went a-dancing,  
And though all this happened weeks ago, the folks are saying still:—Chorus.

## I Can't Give up My Rough & Rowd'ish

### WAYS

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.  
Words and music by Geo. Graham.

My name is 'Rastus Johnson, I'm known for miles around  
As the very toughest nigger that is in this town;  
I raise all kind of trouble at a picnic or a ball,  
I make all de coons stand back, for I can skeer dem all;  
When I gets arrested, one policeman can't take me,  
To get me to the station-house, it takes some two or three;  
And when dey puts me in der jail, why I don't feel so sore,  
For jail is just like home to me, for I've been dere before.

CHORUS.

I can't give up my rough and rowd'ish ways;  
I suppose I'll be der same all of my days;  
And wherever I does go, de people dey all know  
I can't give up my rough and rowd'ish ways.

I went to a camp meeting, it was the other night,  
And I only went dere just to raise a light;  
De preacher he was preaching as hard as he could preach,  
When I took out my razor and cut ev'ry coon in reach.  
De brothers and de sisters, dey all hollered long and loud,  
When I sailed right in again and cleaned out de whole crowd;  
De preacher says: "Now, Johnson, why did you behave dat way?"  
I only looked up at him, and dese words to him did say:—Chorus.



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## OLD JIM'S CHRISTMAS HYMN

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.  
Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

Old Jim was a character, well known about the town,  
From singing in the village church he'd gained a great renown;  
To hear him sing each Sunday morn, to church the good folks came,  
But soon he drifted downward to a drunkard's life of shame, [away].  
Though years had passed since poor old Jim from church had strayed  
He told the parson he would sing that coming Christmas Day;  
When Christmas came within that church there sat in every seat  
A saddened heart when Jim arose and sang so soft and sweet:

CHORUS.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, each eye with tears was dim;  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, that was old Jim's Christmas hymn.  
Christmas days will come and go, and so will Christmas hymns,  
But never will there be a song to equal that of Jim's;  
The song of "Rock of Ages" all thro' life had been his choice,  
For when a child 'twas taught him by his dear old mother's voice,  
Within those same old sacred walls, in Christian songs of praise,  
His voice had oft been heard before, since early childhood days,  
But sweeter far than ever it was now to that great throng,  
When gathered thereon Christmas morn, to hear Jim sing his song:—Chorus.

## THE BLACK FOUR HUNDRED

Copyright, 1897, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.  
Words and Music by Irving Jones.

There's a club called Black Four Hundred, it's composed of dead swell  
It's hotter than the Skidmore Guards, or the Order of Full Moons; [coons].  
You'll see the latest styles and fashions when these coons parade,  
They lay all other coon clubs in the shade;  
You must wear pearls and diamonds if you want to be in line,  
You've got to be a hot coon, and your clothing must be fine,  
And when those coons turn out on Emancipation Day,  
On the corners you will hear the wenches say:

CHORUS.

See the Black Four Hundred a-coming down the street;  
Now, don't those coons look hot as along the street they trot?  
If you listen, you'll hear the kinkey-headed wenches say:  
The Black Four Hundred are on parade to-day.

If you want to be a member, you must be an aristocrat.  
You must wear patent-leather shoes, and a great big beaver hat;  
For drilling and cake-walking, why, our equals can't be found,  
The white folks say we're the hottest coons in town;  
We're going to give a picnic and we're bound to have a crowd,  
Because both guns and razors on the grounds will be allowed;  
We're going to give a grand parade, quite early in the day,  
Upon Fifth Avenue you'll hear them say:—Chorus.

## EVERY DAY AT THE STATION

Copyright, 1897, by Carleton, Cavanagh & Co. Words and Music by Guselle L. Davis.

At a little railroad station sits an old man ev'ry day,  
Waiting as tho' he expected some one from the far away.  
And at night he homeward totters, with a teardrop in his eye,  
To himself he sadly murmurs, she is coming bye and bye.  
Now bereft of all his reason, with a sister lives alone,  
When a young man made a fortune, built a mansion of his own;  
But his fondest hopes were shattered, when a message came one day,  
And the mem'ry haunts him ever, tho' he's feeble, old and gray.

CHORUS.

Every day at the station he waits and waits in vain,  
Watching the many faces that pass on every train;  
Who can it be that he sighs for from morning 'till eventide,  
Every day at the station he waits for a promised bride.  
Listen, I will tell the story, o'er and o'er it's told each day,  
How when young he loved a maiden, were engaged, the people say;  
On the morning of the wedding went to meet her at the train,  
But a message handed to him broke his heart and wrecked his brain;  
Thus it read: "The train has been wrecked that was bringing you your  
My God, have I lost my darling! this the man then sadly cried. [bride]."  
Back to home then kind friends led him, where the wedding feast was  
Ev'ry day since then he's waited at the station for the dead.—Chorus. [spread,

## MR. JOHNSON

Copyright, 1896, by Frank Harding. Words and Music by Ben R. Horney.

T'other eb'ning when eb'ryting was still, oh, babe,  
De moon was climbin' down behind de hill, oh, babe;  
T'ought eb'rybody was a sound asleep,  
But a old man a Johnson was on a his beat, oh, babe.  
I went down into a nigger crap game,  
Where de coons were a-gambling wid a might and main;  
T'ought I'd a be a sport and be dead game;  
I gambled my money and I wasn't to blame;  
One nigger's point was a little, a Joe,  
Bettin' six hits t'a quarter he could make de four;  
He made that point, but he made no more,  
Just den Johnson jump'd through de door.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose,  
Got no money but a good excuse;  
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good;  
Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose;  
Don't take me to de calaboose;  
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.

Late de other eb'ning when the sun was down, oh, babe;  
I went down on old man Johnson's chicken farm, oh, babe;  
Climbed in the chicken loft on my knees,  
Was a half way a through when the chicken sneezed, oh, babe.  
I'll tell you, if you will only keep still,  
'Bout a mile and a half from Louisville;  
I am so nervous dat I can't keep still,  
When I think about it I can feel a big chill,  
A big black coon was a-lookin' fer chickens,  
When a great big bull-dog got to raisin' 't de chickens;  
De coon got higher, de chicken got nigher,  
Just den Johnson opened up fire.

CHORUS.

I got no chance for to be turned loose,  
Got no chance for a good excuse.  
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good;  
And now he's playin' seben eleben,  
'Way up yonder in the nigger heab'n;  
Oh, Mr. Johnson made him good.

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# BROKEN, THAT IS ALL.

Words and Music by CHAS. E. BAER.

THIS IS THE CHORUS.  
CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

On - ly a lit - tle tear dimmed eye, On - ly a sob, a child - ish cry;  
On - ly a mem - 'ry of the past, On - ly a joy too sweet to last,  
'Twill be for - got - ten by and by, On - ly a brok - en doll.....  
Weep - ing is vain, the die is cast, On - ly a wo - man's fall.....  
Moth - er will kiss the tears a - way, Get her an - oth - er doll some day,  
Moth - er's kind voice no more she hears, Whis - per - ing love to child - ish ears,  
Sad - ly the toy is laid a - way, Broken, that is all.....  
On - ly a heart too - full for tears, Broken, that is all.....

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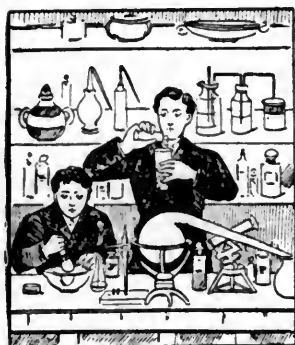
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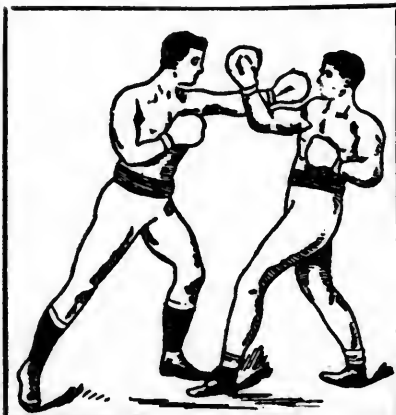
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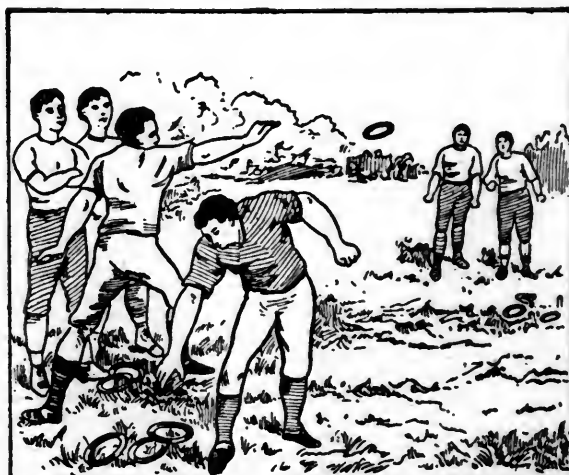


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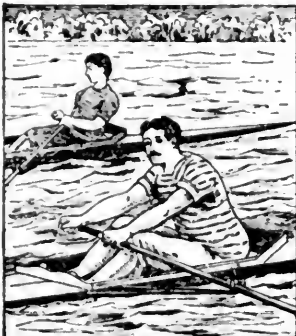
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